

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE, AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

Vol. 40.

APRIL, 1868.

No. 8.

INTERESTING ABOUT JAPAN.

One glance at the map will show that the Archipelago of Japan comprises the large islands of Nippon (Neepone, as it is pronounced), Kinsin and Sikok. The smaller islands, among which are the Loo Choo group and the Kuriles, number between three and four thousand. Some say the group, entire, is called the Kingdom of the Hundred Thousand Islands. The large islands above mentioned are separated by six seas, which, in the musical language of the Japanese, are called Isumi Nada, Harima Nada, Bingo Missima, Iyo, and Luwo Nada. These seas are connected by straits, and the entire body of water, from the Isumi Straits to the Straits of Simonisaki, is known throughout the Kingdom as the Seto Uchi, or Inland Sea. It is through these waters that the steamer Costa Rica, of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, sails, while making her voyages to and from Shanghai.

Leaving the harbor of Yokohama at noon on a fair day early in the fall, one may gaze upon the beautiful scenery of the shore but nothing will rivet the attention so much as the far-famed Fusi-yama, "the Matchless Hill." Its name is poetry, and its majesty and beauty an eternal poem

to Him who had laid the foundations of the world. The legends which the natives have, in tradition, in song and story, concerning this extinct volcano, are many. From early youth to venerable age, it is the object of their adoration. Annually, from all parts of the country, pilgrims, in great numbers, perform a pious journey to this mountain, as go the devout Mussulmen down to Mecca to pay their devotion at the tomb of the prophet. In shape, or outline, it is like a truncated cone; in height, 11,000 or 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. One tradition says it rose from the plain in a single night; that it was a mountain of fire; that ashes have been thrown out of the crater, and the same have fallen in the streets of Yedo, distant at least fifty miles. The last activity displayed was in the year 1707.

We near the entrance of "the sea." Away off there among the rocks, in the distance, although it seems to be landlocked, are the Isumi Straits, but it is decided to try the Naruts Pass, and go through the whirlpool. We steam along at a good rate of speed. The tide is favorable and everything bids fair to a safe passage. The entrance of the pass opens as we ap-

proach it, but it is narrow enough. The waters, which not long since were calm and peaceful, are so no more. From either shore bold ledges of rocks, rugged walls, of nature's masonry, jut out, and over them the waves dash furiously and fill the air with the spray which breaks from their foamy crests. The current from the inner sea is trying to get out, and the tide is urging its way in, and, with their giant strength, these opposite forces struggle or contend for mastery in a channel which, in the clear, is surely not more than a hundred feet in width. The furious battle of the giants goes on as we move safely beyond the scene of conflict. Gradually the sea becomes smoother, and the peaceful waters of the deepest blue harmonize with the bright sunset. Night comes on apace, and the anchor is dropped. At sunrise next morning we trip along as glibly as if we were walking over the placid waters of the Harima Sea. The steamer moves on past innumerable islands. No idle land is to be seen. The hills are terraced to their very summits, and peaceful valleys are covered with farms where industrious laborers have raised their crops for ages past. Nestled in the cosiest and most romantic nooks are trim villages and towns. In almost every cove where their boats can be protected from the sea and their houses sheltered from the winds, fishermen have graced the scene with their neat hamlets, and stranded on the shelving beach are smacks, or riding at anchor the ponderous vessels which are commonly called junks. Away off there (we are moving along rapidly,) is the city of Takamatsa; it bears the name of its Prince. A palace—a noble structure it must be—sets out its white walls boldly against the dark background of greenery, and might well prove “a most jolly place” to live in, for its lord has the kingly income of a million and a quarter of dollars per annum. Behind the city rise the Elephant Head Mountains, the loftiest and grandest range of heights which appear in our panorama. During the next few hours sail we pass innumerable islands. On

the hills, overtopping many of the villages, usually in a grove of trees, one may see peering through the branches temples erected to Buddha, who is the god whom these heathens ignorantly worship. The next town of any importance is Marakuma, or “The landscape city,” and it well deserves the name above any locality we have yet seen. This place passed, we are fairly in the Bingo Nada, richer in its inland treasures than the seas through which we have already moved, we are every moment engaged in viewing beauties.

The clear crisp air lengthens the perspective, and the peaceful scene, viewed through this bright crystalline atmosphere, seems part of fairy land. The waters of Bingo are passing through the islands which divide it from the Missima Sea. Our captain strikes between the island and the mainland, a course which probably no other large craft ever sailed, and one which would intimidate the most hardy and venturesome. Why, the shores are not a stone's throw apart, and the ship must obey her helm to the moment or all will be lost. After a good night's rest we are prepared for the Straits of Simonisaki, which we will pass about sunrise. In the gray mists of the morning we look out upon a landscape, which, if possible, is wilder and more picturesque than that which we have left behind. The ship moves lazily along towards Simonisaki. The town lies out there on the starboard side. See that long line of junks and behind them rows of houses stretching along the shore, probably for three miles. There ten or fifteen thousand people have their homes. The prince Chosiu lords it over this part of the domain. A very saucy fellow he has been in his day. Formerly he had little or no respect for any one. But as he has grown older he has probably become “a wiser and better man.” He used to guard these straits very faithfully. Along the shore at several intervals he has erected batteries, which render the pass extremely dangerous.

The days are growing short and we must make port to night. So we take the cut through Spec's Straits,

a narrow and intricate channel, separating the island of Hirado from Kinsin. The contracted path, with its rocks and reefs boldly jutting from either shore, calls for skilful management lest harm should befall the ship. A score of vessels have come to grief hereabouts, and the finding of many dangerous rocks, which lurk beneath these placid waters, has been a costly experiment. On both sides are fertile valleys and firclad hills. The green sward carpets the shelving shores, which are skirted by a narrow fringe of rock and sand, where the tide laps and surges in its rise and fall. Snug villages nestle in the coves, and lines of boats drawn up along the beach attest the occupation of the people. The rice terraces climb up the gorges and ravines, and the ungenerous soil is compelled to yield to the careful toil of the laboring peasant. Over there on the Island of Hirado, a Daimio, or Prince dwells. He has an elegant palace, they say, but it is hid in among a gorgeous forest of beautiful trees. We can see the the white walls surrounding the gardens, and the comely gate which leads to the water side is a pleasant structure.

Nagasaki is the next place of interest which we reach. It is said to be one of the most beautiful harbors in the world. In breadth, the roadstead is scarcely an English mile,

and in length, possibly three or four. Here the largest ships afloat can lay at anchor, secure from the dangers of wind and weather which lurk around these coasts, and render them liable to be called inhospitable. Islands and rocks jut boldly above the water, and serve as landmarks to the anxious mariner who desires to make this haven. No bar or dangerous obstacle lurks beneath the wave, and possibly there is no port more easy of access in the whole empire. Who can describe the beauties of these high hills—the distant mountain tops, whose heads are fretted with hoods of snow? Here one would linger amid this peaceful scenery. But all around the hand of man has manifestly marred its beauty. So we glide on, past forts and batteries, whose grim armament frowns at us over the waters. Pappenburg, an island hill, abruptly rising over the waves, crowned with pines and cedars, claims a passing notice. See on its summit, peering through the thick foliage, an ugly looking battery. Two centuries since, they say, twenty thousand Christians were there imprisoned, and at the point of spear and sword forced to plunge down the steep and rugged sides upon the rock-strewn strand or into the abyss of waters. Sad monuments these of by-gone days. Slowly we move on to our anchorage.—*San Francisco Alta.*

COOLIE SLAVERY.

It was recently stated that a cargo of coolies had arrived at New Orleans from Cuba, to be used as laborers on the Mississippi sugar plantations, and it is stated that Ah Yuc, a commissioner from the Chinese Government, has concluded a contract with a number of Louisiana, Alabama and Texas planters, to bring 5,000 Chinamen to this country for their use, and that they will soon arrive. Now that this new form of slavery is about to be introduced into this country, one that is scarcely less revolting than African slavery, the following facts derived

from a foreign source will be read with painful interest, and may serve to enlighten some minds:

"The principal ports from which coolies are drawn are Hong Kong, Macao, Canton, Amoy, and Swatow. Emigration from the north of China has been attempted, but without success. The northern Chinese are greatly attached to their homes, poor and miserable as these are, and they look with suspicion upon any proposal which would remove them from their accustomed haunts. The French Government endeavored to induce the

peasantry to emigrate by issuing advertisements, with detailed conditions, in some of the principal northern cities, but their invitations produced no effect on the population. Bonded coolies are demanded by, and deported to, the following places, which are arranged in the order of their importance and urgency of demand:—To Peru, to Cuba, to British West Indies (principally Demerara and Trinidad), to Dutch Guiana, to Tahiti, to India, and to Java. The coolie trade to Peru and to Cuba is entirely in the hands of private contractors—Peruvians, Spaniards, Portuguese and French. It is carried on entirely from Macao, with the exception of one established at Canton, that of a Frenchman, who ships to Havana. There are at Macao six or eight depots from which about 30,000 or 40,000 coolies are shipped every year to Peru and Cuba. The coolies are furnished to the depots by recruiting agents, Chinese or Portuguese, many of them men of very disreputable character, and not a few more than suspected of being connected with piracy. It is almost needless to remark that they resort to most unscrupulous means for obtaining recruits.

"Coolies at a Macao depot cost the trader from 35 dollars to 70 dollars each. The number of ships at the disposal of the Macao traders is limited, English and American ships being for-

bidden to carry Macao coolies, and it being seldom that German vessels can be induced to engage in this service. The ships employed are under military equipment and discipline, somewhat resembling English convict ships; the coolies on board them are only allowed an airing on deck by squads of twenty to forty together, and the whole proceeding resembles the middle passage in its general features; but the coolies being far less submissive than negroes, revolts and mutinies frequently occur. Suicides are common, and the mortality is very great, averaging as high as 26 per cent. In April, 1866, 550 Chinamen were burned to death on board the ship Napoleon Canavero, in a conflagration purposely kindled by some mutineers. During the eight months from August, 1865, to April, 1866, no less than 16 cases of mutiny—many of them having very serious results—were reported in Hong Kong papers, all but two of them having occurred on board ships sailing from Macao. These circumstances tend to raise the price of a Macao coolie. At Callao they are sold at an average price of \$300, and at Cuba they often 'fetch' \$500. The contracts run for eight years. The Macao coolies are all males, no women being ever shipped there; the men are selected entirely for physical qualities."—*N. Y. Observer*.

THE EARTH.

The very earth itself is an unsteady basis of science. Dr. Robinson said to the British Association, that "he found the entire mass of rock and hill on which the Armagh Observatory is erected, to be slightly, but to an astronomer quite perceptibly, tilted or canted, at one season of the year to the east, at another to the west." And, what is still more startling to the astronomical world, the Greenwich transit instrument, the very arc of the covenant of scientific certainty itself—must we utter it?—has wavered. The high priest of that *sanctum sanctorum* of science, Professor Airey, the Astronomer Royal, makes

the alarming confession as follows:—"While the construction of this instrument, and the modes of observation with it, have given a warranty such as the world never possessed before, for the steadiness of the instrument and its adjuncts, there have been instances where the azimuth of the instrument, greatly to the surprise of the astronomer, has varied four seconds, as determined by opposite passages of the polar star." Mr. Airey has no other way of explaining this, than by the supposition that "the sound and firmest earth itself is in motion." A supposition fatal to the scientific certainty of observa-

tion made on such a tremulous basis; for if the whole hill on which the Armagh Observatory stands can be canted to the east and to the west, and if the solid earth at Greenwich has been detected in wavering four seconds, who can assume greater stability for any other observatory? Or who can tell whether such trepidations have not vitiated the most far-reaching observations? It is only occasionally that siderial rectifications can be made, and in all intervening hours nobody can tell how much wavering may arise from the secular and magnetic expansions and contractions of the earth, which physical geographers assure us are continually

active. Yet we are asked to accept visionary theories of the formation of worlds, based on observation of minute angles, where the error of the tenth of a second in the parallax of a distant star involves an error of distance of thousands of millions of miles! The whole modern theory of the lenticular formation of this earth's universe, and of the actual distances of the fixed stars, has absolutely no broader basis of observation than the accuracy of observations of the sixtieth or hundredth part of a degree. What, then, are we to think of the scientific certainty of observations continually exposed to such disturbances and jostlings?—*Family Treasury*.

THE HARDSHIPS OF SAILOR-LIFE.

A SERMON PREACHED IN MILFORD, CT., BY REV. GEORGE H. GRIFFIN.

Jer. 49: 23.—"There is sorrow on the sea."

Yes—and there is sorrow on the land too; sorrow everywhere. From the moment when, in punishment for their disobedience, our first parents were driven out of the beautiful garden which God had given them to till and enjoy—from that time on to the present, has the wail of sorrow been sounding forth from the depths of bruised and wounded hearts the world over.

Paint the picture of human life in the rosiest of colors, the dark background of sadness and gloom will and must still remain. In the general experience of the race, the pilgrimage of earth is a journey through a "vale of tears." No age, no class, no condition is exempt from the strokes of affliction, the inroads of suffering, the ravages of death.

Thanks be unto God, this dark picture has a bright side; there is a silver lining to this storm-cloud. Language is inadequate to express the gratitude which is due to Him who, in the divine energy of His grace, has transformed for those who trust in Him all this undertone of sadness into a perpetual song of joy and praise.

Christ, the everblessed Son of God, has been on earth a "man of sorrows

and acquainted with grief," that He might redeem a lost and ruined race, and teach them the great lesson that the life in time is but the commencement of the endless existence beyond the grave; that this frail, sinful and dying tenement of clay is but the vestibule of that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" and that he who receives most of discipline here, shall be best prepared (if trial is endured in the faith of Jesus) for a home in one of those "many mansions" which He has gone to prepare for them that love Him.

But, while there is one constant wail of sorrow ascending to God from every land in consequence of those pestilences, famines, earthquakes, hurricanes and disasters upon the highways of travel which carry off their scores and hundreds and even thousands in one fatal moment, or by reason of that more silent and unobserved yet unceasing work of the reaper, Death, as he comes to our homes, and cuts down, now a tender olive-plant and now a shock of corn fully ripe in its season, while from all these combined causes, there arises to God from those who dwell upon the land, one continual dirge and

crying and tears, there is also, in the words of our text "*Sorrow on the sea*," and among those who lead a seafaring life. True it is, in a sense, all one and the same kind of sorrow, for it is sin which explains the whole; but in many important respects which it is my purpose now to set forth, the "*Sorrow on the sea*" is characterised by a depth and intensity which are quite peculiar.

Think, my friends, of the *hardships and exposures incident to the life of a sailor*, subject, as he is, not only to the narrow accommodations and unwholesome fare doled out to him often through the sordidness of the men who own the ship in which he sails, but also to the fierce storms of a boisterous ocean, and often to the inhuman treatment of cruel and unprincipled officers.

While there are, indeed, many noble exceptions, it can hardly be denied by those who are conversant with the facts of the case, that, as a rule, those who command the vessels which sail from our ports are unnecessarily harsh and sometimes even cruel in their treatment of their men, dealing with them in a manner less gentle than they would exhibit toward some favorite animal which they might chance to have brought with them for a pet. Equally undeniable is the statement that the *fore-castle* on our merchant ships is a place unfit for human beings to live in; a room so circumscribed, so dark, so unclean, that no one, unless compelled to it, would ever think of entering upon such a course of life, for the purpose of obtaining an honest support.

I invite you, now, to follow with me in thought the experiences of the sailor as he embarks on board, what may be called an average kind of ship, supposing him to be (as is sometimes, at least, true) a man of integrity and even of Christian principles.

He soon ascertains that the men who have shipped with him as crew are, most of them, openly ungodly in their lives and profane in their speech. What can he do? If he were ashore, he would seek and easily find congenial companions, but here

he is isolated from the world, and totally unable to make any such selection; and as the truth flashes upon his mind, that he is to be there shut up, as it were, within the narrow confines of a prison, for weeks and even months, subject to all the defilement of this polluted moral atmosphere, there is to him already a beginning of "*sorrow on the sea*."

At night he betakes him to his berth, and endeavors to drown his trouble in sleep, but lo! he finds the limits of his resting place so short that he is scarcely able to lie at his full length; so narrow that he can hardly turn from side to side and altogether so uncomfortable, that he obtains, through the weary hours, but little refreshing slumber. The days move on, while the ship proceeds along her appointed course; meantime, our sailor becoming gradually accustomed and hardened to his work, endeavors faithfully to perform the duties assigned him, now at the wheel, then at the mast-head, again at the yard-arm.

At length, a storm arises: the night is dark and cold, the wind blows a perfect gale. The order is sounded in the ears of the sleeping men below: "*All hands on deck!*" Suddenly awaking from troubled dreams, the sailor springs from his berth and is soon standing on deck awaiting further orders. In a moment the word is given: "*All hands aloft and reef topsails!*" Away he flies up the rigging on to the yard and out, out, out, to the dizzy end. And now stand still and behold him there! Watch him, as with one hand he holds on to the rope, made slippery with frozen spray, and with the other pulls away at the sail.

His soul ascends to God in a prayer for safety, as he realizes the peril of his position with nothing but his feeble grasp of that rope preventing him from falling into the dark and angry waves which roll beneath as if anxious to swallow him in their cold embraces; but his heart is brave, and his arm is strong, so with his work well done, he soon descends to the deck and thence to the fore-castle, all wet and cold.

"And what is he next to do?" you ask. The natural reply would be: "dry his clothes before the fire." Ah! yes; so he would if he had such means at command; but there's the difficulty. *No fire* (incredible though the statement may appear to many, it is made upon the authority of an old and experienced sea captain, who is not only a truthful man, but withal a noble-hearted Christian) *no fire is allowed in the fore-castle by day or night*; therefore the poor sailor must lie down and get asleep, *if he can*, while the natural warmth of his already chilled and shivering body serves to absorb the moisture from his drenched garments. With a heart heavy and sad on account of the hardness of his lot, he repairs to a Throne of grace to cast his burden on the Lord, but he has no closet where he may retire and be alone with God. No, if he prays, it must be in the presence of wicked shipmates who will mock and taunt him for his childishness.

Again, a storm is raging. Our sailor this time, is standing at the wheel, helping to steer the ship. One billow after another comes surging and dashing in fury against the quivering vessel—and breaks on the other side. At last, one wave more powerful than the rest, strikes the helmsman and sweeps him without a moment's warning into the wild and awful sea. Though he be a strong swimmer, there is no hope for him, not a shadow of hope. In an instant he is carried out of sight and sinks to rise no more; and when that ship arrives in port, it appears written upon the log-book that on such a day, in latitude this, and longitude that, such a man was swept into the sea, and as there was no possibility of assistance reaching him, he was left to his sad fate.

And this announcement is read by thousands in the daily journals, some of whom perhaps pause a moment to exclaim: "*poor fellow!*" and others, without even a word or a sigh pass on to the next paragraph. But, ah! remember, that sailor was *somebody's son*; perhaps the only dependence of a widowed mother. Is there not a

pang, rending her heart well nigh to breaking, when the fatal word is conveyed to her desolate and sorrow-stricken home?

On a cold winter's night, when the wind blows fiercely without, driving the snow upon your window-pane and into the crevices of the door, as you gather your family about you and nestle so cosily up to the cheerful fireside, let your thoughts wander away for a moment to the poor seamen on board that ship, which after a long and weary voyage is unfortunately now nearing the coast. The captain loses reckoning and before he is aware of any danger, the breakers are heard in the offing. "*Helm hard a-port!*" he cries, and the quick response "*aye, aye sir!*" shows that his order is obeyed, but no change is effected in the vessel's course; further and yet further she goes, drifting—drifting on toward the rocks, until, after a short season of suspense, the awful crash is heard and the sailors know that their doom is sealed. They lash themselves to the rigging while the waves are dashing over them in rapid succession, and after many hours of intense suffering (on their parts,) the ship breaks into pieces. The men cling for awhile to floating planks and spars, but soon their strength is exhausted and the floods close over them. Within full sight of land they find a watery grave.

Thus far we have been dwelling upon some of the hardships and exposures of a sea-faring life. Consider also the fact, that the *sailor is often homeless and friendless*. Following the sea, as many do, from boyhood, they do not form those early associations which usually lead to marriage alliances; and having, thus, no home ties drawing them like a magnet toward one particular spot—the father and mother dead, brothers and sisters scattered far and wide over the earth, the sailor contracts a kind of lawless and desperate feeling as though he had nothing to live for, and no matter if he were at some time to be snatched away by the devouring waves, that would end his troubles, at least for *this* life, and no one would mourn his departure.

During the hours of inactivity on shipboard when off duty, there is only that cheerless foreboding in which he may sit down and meditate upon his forlorn condition, or that narrow berth in which he may recline and snatch an hour or two of sleep lost in the watches of the preceding night. The captain and other officers in the after part of the ship have *their* fine and commodious state-rooms, sometimes even luxuriously adorned; *they* have a good fire to keep them warm; *they* enjoy three times a-day a bountiful repast; but the sailors, in addition to other discomforts already mentioned, must subsist on the same dry and monotonous round of salt meal and hard tack from the beginning to the end of the voyage. And *why* is all this? Because they are comparatively *friendless*; they have none (on board) to care for them. Perhaps, there are dear ones in their native land who love them and pray for them, but how powerless are they, so far away, to do them good; and as for the officers, in too many instances, they have little feeling of humanity and sympathy much less of friendliness for the men placed under them; their principal thought being, not how to make the sailors as comfortable as possible, but how to get the greatest amount of work out of them; in a word, how to make them *pay* best.

Then again, in a *spiritual* point of view, it is easy to see that the sailor's lot is a *hard* one. Away out upon the broad ocean, cut off from the ordinary means of grace and the sacred associations of home, he is, unless some of the officers or crew happen to be God-fearing men, subject to the most immoral influences. No Sabbath bell rings out its cheerful summons to the house of prayer—no loving voices of friends are heard singing the praises of Jesus—no father or mother is there to call the family together and unite in acts of social worship—no mention of God is made except by way of taking His name in vain; and when the holy light of the first day of the week dawns upon the waste of waters, instead of a total cessation from all unnecessary work, sacred time is

taken for the accomplishment of those odds and ends of labor which have been neglected through the week previous; or as it is expressed in rhyme by the sailors' illustration of the practical perversion which is thus wrought upon the fourth commandment:

"Six days shall thou work and do all thou art able;
On the seventh, holystone the deck and coil up the cable."

Such is the position of the sailor upon the ocean: homeless, friendless, separated from the means of grace, subject to the severest hardships, in constant danger of personal accident, shipwreck and death; and what is more, in imminent peril of losing his immortal soul. The poets may sing as gaily as they please about

"A life on the ocean wave
And a home on the rolling deep,"

still these sad facts remain to dispel all the beautiful fancies which they may choose to weave about them.

But if there is all this "sorrow on the sea," it is not much better with the sailor when he lands *in port*: here, he is immediately pounced upon by wicked and unscrupulous men who are bent upon fleecing him out of the hard earnings of his voyage; assailed by temptations of the vilest character, on every hand; and, unless he is strongly fortified with moral and religious principles, the chances (humanly speaking) will be greatly against him—the probability being that in a few hours he will find himself once more penniless, an object of charity or of cold-hearted contempt.

There are, doubtless, honorable exceptions to the rule laid down in the picture now drawn of a sea faring life; there are, here and there, godly captains who make of their ships "floating Bethels," who prohibit all profane swearing and every kind of immorality, who read the Bible and pray with their officers and men, *daily*; but these, we have reason to fear, are the exceptions, which do not invalidate the statements already made in regard to the general average of ships which ply the ocean from this land to every nation under heaven.

Having thus proved the truth of our text, I proceed to remark, in continuance of the subject, that *sorrow, wherever witnessed, always excites the sympathy of human and compassionate hearts—above all of those which are truly Christian.*

See how constantly our blessed Lord was engaged in administering his heavenly consolations to soothe and comfort the sick and distressed, the poor and the outcast. Notice, too, how great and deep was the interest he manifested toward that particular class of men in whose behalf I am now speaking. "He commenced his public ministry among seamen; his early converts were sea-faring men, and at least four of his twelve apostles were chosen from the same calling."

No one can look upon the sufferings even of a dumb animal without feeling his heart moved to pity. And in proportion as man is superior to the brute, must one's compassion increase and expand toward those of his fellow men who are the innocent victims of injustice or cruel neglect; and still nearer to his heart must the appeal for help come from those who are indirectly the means of supplying him with many of the comforts which he daily enjoys, yea, the indirect means, too, of elevating the land of his birth and love in prosperity and importance among the nations of the earth.

Am I, in these words, attributing to the cause which the sailor represents, more than its due? If any one has any doubts upon this point, let him give the subject a little reflection. Whence come those pleasant beverages of which you partake at your morning and evening repast? Come they not all the way from China and the East Indies, over the many thousand miles of ocean, brought in the white-winged ships, manned by the sailors, many of whom have lost their lives in performing this service? And so we might speak of many, many things, which we are accustomed to eat and to wear, articles, some of them, which we consider almost indispensable to our comfortable existence.

Think, too, as a subject of far greater importance, of the influence which the foreign commerce of this land has exerted upon its general growth and stability as a nation. It is true, a large share of all this benefit might be justly ascribed to those who furnish the capital to build the ships and send them forth on their missions; yet it may well be asked of what value were all these vessels, but so much dead lumber rotting at the wharves, if there were no sailors to be found willing to make up their complements of crew and navigate them to all parts of the world?

Do we not, as a United Republic to-day, owe to the navy quite as much as to the army for the part it played in the fearful drama of civil war, out of which we emerged at last in triumph? Yea, have we not a right, as Americans, to point with honest pride at our naval heroes bearing the beautiful emblem of our nationality floating at the mast-head, to be gazed upon with admiration and respect by the people of every land, by many, too, who, *until recently*, had always thought and spoken of *America as a small and insignificant power in the earth.*

As I have previously alluded to the sympathy which every truly Christian heart must feel for the woes of his fellow men, it remains to add one more remark, to-wit: *no sympathy is true and real but that which is in its nature practical.*

You have now been listening to a recital of the sorrows which fall to the lot of the sailor; you have had their claims to your charitable regard pressed home upon your hearts. Doubtless your sympathies have been enlisted anew in this great and noble cause. Some have resolved that they will think more of and pray more for the sailor than they have been accustomed to do in times past. All this is well and good, *so far as it goes*, but allow me to say, *it does not go quite far enough.* Nay, we want your sympathy to be of so practical a kind, that you will resolve not only to think more about the seamen, and pray more for them, but *give more to that organization which is so efficiently en-*

gaged in promoting their highest temporal and spiritual interests.

THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY is too well established in the sympathies of the churches to need any special words of commendation.

Among the other excellent methods adopted for the execution of its plans is, the system of *loan libraries*, a feature of the work introduced only a few years since, but one which promises to be productive of the greatest good.

By the payment of so small a sum as Fifteen dollars, an individual can there be made the owner of one of these libraries which shall be placed on board of a certain ship, and return with it, then be transferred to another, and so keep sailing from port to port, on its errand of mercy and love, proving on every voyage the means of salvation to some one, yea, often to many poor lost sinners.

Deposit the above amount with the Treasurer, and he will assign to you a library, and give you its number, together with the name of the ship upon which it is placed. Then, after a few months, you will be informed, by the report in the LIFE-BOAT, as to the results which have followed your donation. And so keeping in mind the number of your library, you may watch its course of well-doing year after year.—There seems to be all the charm of romance about a work like this, which is productive of an equal amount of blessing both to donor and recipient of the gift.

It must be evident, I think, to the mind of any one who has taken pains to inquire into this subject, that the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY is devoting itself, as far as possible with the means at its command, and in the most efficient manner, to the alleviation of those sorrows which are peculiar to the life of a sailor, by throwing around him, both on the land and on the ocean, those salutary Christian influences which are calculated to draw him away from the haunts of vice and the paths of sin, and attract him toward the strait and narrow way of life and peace.

The demands of the work call for

a large increase of benevolent contributions from the churches of our land. As one of the secretaries recently remarked, "2,500 libraries are now afloat; 25,000 are needed to supply all our ships."

Christian friends, I am sure that this cause must lie near to your hearts. You want to do something for the sailor. Rest assured there is no way in which the sum you may feel able to give shall be more judiciously expended and yield a larger return of blessing to those whom you desire to benefit, than through the channel of that Society in whose behalf your benefactions are asked.

Give of your wealth, or give of your poverty, according to your individual ability; praying at the same time that God would hasten the fulfillment of His glorious promise, that the "abundance of the sea shall be converted" unto Him.

Mariner's Hymn.

Launch thy bark, mariner!
Christian, God speed thee!
Let loose thy rudder-bands—
Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily—
Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow,
Breakers are round thee;
Let fall the plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee.
Reef in the foresail, there!
Hold the helm fast!
So—let the vessel wear—
There swept the blast.

"What of the night, watchman?
What of the night?"
"Cloudy—all quiet—
No land yet—all's right!"
Be wakeful, be vigilant—
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee.

How gains the leak so fast?
Clear out the hold—
Hoist up thy merchandise,
Heave out thy gold!
There—let the ingots go—
Now the ship rights;
Hurrah! the harbor's near—
Lo! the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet
At inlet or island—
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the high land;
Crowd all thy canvass on
Cut through the foam—
Christian! cast anchor now—
Heaven is thy home!

MRS. SOUTHEY.

(For the Sailors' Magazine.)

HOSPITAL EXPERIENCE.

In one of my visits to the hospital near the close of the year just ended, I found a Scotch sailor, who had been brought there two or three days before, in a most pitiable condition. He was covered with wounds and bruises; his face and neck were bloody and swollen; his eyes blood-shot; his hair disheveled; his countenance the picture of anguish. He was sitting up in bed, trembling with weakness and exhaustion, though he was a very strong man, and in the prime of life; and I soon found, on addressing him, that he was suffering in mind, as well as body. He had arrived in port from New York some two weeks before, and having been paid off and discharged, had been on a *spree* ever since;—had been drunk most of the time; had scarcely tasted of a morsel of food during all this time, but had kept himself alive by drinking strong coffee in his more lucid moments. His only lodging place had been a bale of goods on the dock, or the frozen sidewalk;—indeed, he had not slept at all, excepting when dead drunk; and what time he had not spent in the drinking saloon he had passed in the open air, thinly clad, and exposed, by night and day, to all the pitiless storms of the season. He had but a dim and confused recollection of what had passed during all this time, but he awoke to consciousness one morning, and found himself with his arms pinioned, lying on a bench at the police station. He was covered with wounds and blood; his clothes were nearly torn from his body; his pockets were turned outward and rifled; he was too weak and sick to stand, and he was still unable to give any intelligent account of himself. From there he had been transferred to the hospital where I met him. I spoke kindly to him, giving him such counsel and comfort as appeared to be suited to his case. I sincerely pitied him. He seemed so conscious of his folly, and was so frank and ready to acknowledge his guilt, and also, so grateful for my sympathy, that I

could not but feel an interest in him. After praying with him and others in the room, and leaving him some tracts to read, as he should become stronger and calmer, I left him to spend the closing hours of the year in reflection on his past life, and in prayer to God for strength and grace to begin the new year with a new life. After this I saw him repeatedly, as it was two or three weeks before he was able to come out of the hospital. During these interviews I learned not only the facts I have already stated, but something of his previous history. It is very briefly, as follows:

He was born in Scotland; was a child of pious parents, and of many prayers; was religiously educated. His mother was always careful to maintain family worship in the absence of her husband. He believed it was due to her prayers that he was not already in perdition. Being of a restless disposition, he went away to sea at the age of 14 years. When of age had command of a small vessel, but falling into bad habits lost his place. Two years ago was hopefully converted and united with the church, and, for six months, held on his way rejoicing. He then became chief mate of a large English ship, but in London, under the influence of strong temptation, fell again into his old habit of drinking, lost his position, and now, feeling that all was lost, he drank the more to drown his sorrows, and shipping before the mast, he went from one port to another, till finally he landed, last autumn, in New York, and then, with little disposition and less power to shake off the evil habit that had fastened itself on him, and in despair of mind, he gave himself up to dissipation for two months, and then, as a common sailor, he came to Antwerp.

During all these eighteen months of wretchedness and sin, he could not pray nor hope; he was utterly discouraged, and appeared to be entirely in the power of the evil one, who led him whithersoever he would. He no sooner landed here than surrounded

by the multitude of tempters that beset every sailor who comes into port, and meeting with no one to encourage him, and finding no house on shore, as, in fact, there are none where a sailor can safely lodge, he plunged again into the same career of dissipation which had brought him to the hospital where I found him.

He had, indeed, found that "the way of the transgressor is hard." He spent here many humble days and sleepless nights, and it was a long time before he could sufficiently command his mind to pray or dispel the suggestions of Satan that restrained him from seeking God's forgiving grace. He read all the tracts I gave him, and the *Word of God* more than all. His acquaintance with the Scriptures astonished me. I could not begin to quote any passage but he would finish it for me. He referred to that fearful passage in Hebrews, vi, 4-6, as forbidding him to hope for forgiveness:—"For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gifts, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted of the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again to repentance; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame." He felt that he had crucified the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame. I told him that the text seemed to refer especially to those who forsook Christ utterly, and the way of salvation provided by Him;—certainly, to those who felt no repentance for sin, and no desire to return to Him—that, although he had grievously sinned, if he now had any sincere repentance towards God, and any desire to return to him, the same way was open as at first, and that "the Blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin."

He gradually found comfort in the many precious promises of the gospel, and seemed fully determined to endeavor to live a christian life, and to avoid, as much as possible, all temptation to sin. But, having little confidence in himself after such a sad experience of his own making, he

was greatly troubled lest, on coming out of the hospital and being again exposed to the many snares that are set for sailors on every hand, he would again be entrapped, and fall into sin. I would have been glad to have directed him to a good sailors' boarding house, but alas! we have none in this port. His only hope was in finding a vessel going at once to sea, or, at any rate, a ship, on board of which he could stop and work for his board, as he said, till she might sail. I offered to do all I could for him, as he promised to call at my office in the Bethel as soon as he should leave the hospital. The next day but one, punctual to the moment, he came to see me with a bright and happy face, saying the Lord had answered his prayer. The night before, he had committed his way to the Lord, and then he had lain down and enjoyed the sweetest night's sleep he had known for a long time. Again, in the morning, after reading His word, and asking Him to direct his steps, he had gone directly from the hospital to his old captain, who was still in port and about to sail, and he had kindly taken him back, and now he had come to tell the good news to me, and to thank me for my kindness to him. We had a long and pleasant interview. I gave him such counsel and encouragement as I was able, and then with tearful eyes we bowed in prayer, and he followed me in a petition, so humble, so earnest, so scriptural, and so well expressed, that I felt assured that it was prompted by the Holy Spirit. Next Sunday he was at the Bethel, and the Sabbath following, and at my request took part in our conference meeting.

During the week he came to my room and spent an evening with me in religious conversation and prayer. He had never signed the temperance pledge, though he had often been urged to do so, but now he was willing to sign it. I prepared one, which he readily signed, and then copied it, leaving one copy with me and taking the other himself. It is as follows: "I solemnly promise, that from this time forward, I will abstain entirely from the use of all intoxica-

ting drinks of every kind, and I humbly pray God to enable me to keep the pledge."

During his stay here, his conduct was so regular, that the captain took him out of the fore-castle and made him second mate. He had not written his mother since his fall. He could not write her while in his sinful course, but now he promised that he would write her at once, and he promised he would write me also from his next port. I prepared him a package of good reading for the voyage, and also put a private letter into his hands, and commended him to the grace of God, who is able to keep him from falling, and I cannot doubt but that he will. Let every christian who reads this, pray for him. I need not mention his name; but if his own eye should meet this

story in print, let him have the assurance that there are many besides his mother, who are at the throne of grace in his behalf; and let other tempted sailors, who have fallen away from the instructions of their early youth, and have wandered into sin, and who may even have forgotten their covenant vows, be assured that there is hope for them in the great mercy of God through Christ, if they will but return to Him. Let them not say: "All is lost," "No man careth for my soul." "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth," and there is joy also on earth in many hearts. There are not a few to whom nothing gives greater pleasure than to succeed in leading the poor wanderer back to the fold of the good Shepherd.

CHAPLAIN.

(For the Sailors' Magazine.)

THE GENEROSITY OF SAILORS.

We live in a sceptical age. An age in which, while there is an increase of scriptural light, and of scriptural faith, there is also an increase of unbelief. The reason for this, doubtless, is that Satan finding the sceptre of power falling from his hands, is making a death struggle to retain it.

Scepticism, however, after all, is not confined to the facts of revelation, any more than hypocrisy is confined to the church. There are sceptics in the church as well as out of it; just as there are hypocrites out of the church as well as in it. There are some—for instance—who are unwilling to believe that there is such a thing as honesty in the mercantile world, or virtue in the female sex. Yet honesty lives in the counting room and store, and virtue presides at the family board and graces every avenue of life and duty.

Strange as it may seem, the sailor has not failed to receive his share of this sceptical prejudice. Is any good thing attributed to him? These sceptics—these unbelievers in any good outside of their own sweet

selves—or at most, out of their own immediate circles—at once deny it. Is he termed brave? They "don't know about that." Is he said to be honest? It is a lie. Is he spoken of as self denying? "He is paid for it." Do you claim for him the attribute of truthfulness? This is denied. A physician, in a public Institution once said to the writer: "These sailors learn to lie on board ship. They are not to be relied on." This is said too, by interested parties, when some brute of a mate or boat-swain, or some petty tyrant of a captain has fallen into the hands of the law (would it were always, into the hands of justice) the counsel for the tyrant, by a severe examination and cross-examination attempts to invalidate, or break down the testimony of the crew, on the ground that "these sailors will lie any day for a glass of rum." Yet there is evidence—substantial evidence, that all sailors are not rogues and thieves, or liars or poltroons and cowards—as some would have us believe. The New York merchants, whose property they have

guarded and carried while the owners slept, can testify to this. Nor, on the other hand, are they all saints and angels. It is not claimed that they are immaculately pure. They are *men*, and like other men are not without their failings. But are not these very failings the spontaneous out-growth of their daily lives? Their self-sacrifice and privations at sea, would seem naturally to engender excesses on shore. "*Les extrémités se touchent.*" Extremes meet, says the French proverb. But this is not peculiar to the sailor. The sailor is more exposed than other men. His crimes, or vices, or faults, are not concealed. He acts above board. He is what he seems, and he seems what he is. Neither are his virtues, or his good points concealed. They are as patent as his follies. Then why—it may be asked—when we debit him, in our account of his character, with his vices should we refuse to credit him with his virtues, or nobler qualities? One thing is certain of seamen as a class, the passage from the head to the heart is as short, and the transit as easy as it is in any other class of men in the world. The sailor's heart is as accessible, and, when reached, will be found to be as tender, and as full of noble impulses as the heart of other men. Anecdotes illustrative of this point are as

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the
brooks
In Vallombrosa."

The following is in point:

On a fourth of July, recently, three men-of-war, the U. S. ships *Susquehanna* and *Vandalia*, and H. B. M. ship *Encounter*, were lying at anchor in the port of Shanghai, China. The British ship fired a salute in honor of our Nation's birth-day, and while performing his duty at his gun, one of the seamen had his arm blown off. As soon as it was made known to the American tars, the officers and crew raised among them a subscription amounting to two hundred and eighty three pounds sterling, or fourteen hundred and fifteen dollars in gold, and sent it to the captain of the English vessel, with a note, asking that

the wounded man would "accept it from his brother seamen, as a proof of our (their) heartfelt sympathy." Was not that a noble deed, and nobly done?

Take another, about

JACK-KNIVES, OR THE SAILOR'S CONTRIBUTION TO FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Dr. Spring, in his Autobiography, has given an account of the first collection taken up in the U. S. for Foreign Missions. It occurred in the North Church, Newburyport, of which his father was pastor, and the Congregation of which was largely composed of sea captains and native mariners." He says: "At the close of the service, one of the old, rich sea captains remarked as he came out from the church. "The doctor has given us a grand sermon, and he has preached all the jack-knives out of the sailor's pockets." On returning to my father's house, and laying out the collection on the parlor table, there was gold and silver and copper, and not a few jack-knives. The sailors had little else to give." This little incident is worth preserving and as there are many who will never see Dr. Spring's large volumes, it may be well to give it a place in the "SAILOR'S MAGAZINE."

To these I will add one more, which was related to me by an eye witness, and which, as far as I know, has never before appeared in print. It may be headed:

I'M GOING TO SEA TO-MORROW.

Some thirty years ago, when Rev. Henry Chase was in the very noon-tide of his success among the sailors, he preached a sermon in the Mariner's Church in Roosevelt st., for the purpose of raising money for some benevolent object, and after presenting his cause with much earnestness, the officers went round to take up the collection. As they did so, Mr. Chase said to his large congregation:—"Now, men, I have just one request to make. Do not let your feelings run away with your judgment in this matter. I wish you to give; I expect you to give liberally. But see to it that you do not give more than you

can really afford. I know your generous nature, and hence the precaution: a word to the wise is sufficient." My informant stated that as the Deacons passed round the boxes, there was a general and simultaneous movement of hands toward the treasury department, as if no one intended to be behindhand. He noticed one man particularly who fished up from the depths of his pantaloons' pocket, a handful of coin, silver, copper and gold, all carelessly intermingled, from which he at once, and with apparent thoughtfulness as if he were calculating how much he would need, selected some of the coins, evidently for some other purpose. Just at that moment the Deacon came along and presented his box. The sailor looked up suddenly, like one awaked from a dream, and threw the whole of the mixed quantity—less the few pieces he had selected—into

the collection box, and with an air of satisfaction, followed with his eye the gratified Deacon, who had noticed with evident pleasure, the profuse liberality of his gift. It was but a moment, however, before a new thought seemed to strike the sailor, and springing to his feet, he called to the collecting official: "Here!"—beckoning with his hand at the same time—"Here! I say come here," and stretching himself forward to meet the approaching collector, he threw in the balance which he had previously reserved, saying as he did so: "*I'm going to sea to-morrow.*" The effect was electrical—as I am informed—and so impressed the mind of the narrator, that though years have rolled away, the whole scene is vividly imprinted on his mind and to him, at least, is a marked illustration of *the benevolence of the sailor.*

J.

(For the Sailors' Magazine.)

THE BETHEL AT ANTWERP.

DEAR BROTHER HALL:

We are having very interesting meetings in our Bethel this winter, in spite of the cold. Sabbath before last, Jan. 26th, although it was stormy, our congregation numbered from 30 to 40 all day. At the close of the afternoon service, as we are not allowed to hold any evening meetings, liberty was given for any to speak who might wish.

First a young Prussian, mate of an American vessel, gave an interesting account of God's gracious work in his own soul. He had been brought up in the Lutheran church, was duly baptised, instructed in the catechism, and there confirmed, and then he supposed, of course, that he was a Christian. Like other sailors, he had freely used intoxicating drinks and lived an irregular life, but after having drunk too freely, on one occasion, and disgraced himself in the eyes of those before whom he wished to appear well, he solemnly promised that he would never drink another drop

of intoxicating liquor as long as he lived, and he had kept his promise. After this, simply by reading the Bible, he was convicted of sin and made to feel his need of a new heart. He had no one to guide him but the Spirit of God. He was a long time before he found peace through believing in Christ. But light gradually dawned on his soul, and the burden of his sins passed gradually away—to use his own expression, as sand runs out of a bag when a hole has been pierced in it. But now he had perfect peace. He knew that Christ was his Saviour, he could trust Him with all his heart. He earnestly entreated his fellow sailors to read God's word and to give themselves wholly up to Christ. This young man subsequently spent an evening with me by request, at my room. I have rarely seen one so entirely given up to the guidance of the Spirit. So full of simple, earnest, undoubting faith, he seemed to have no will of his own as to what he should be or

do, but to be perfectly willing that the Lord should direct in all that concerns him, and to be assured that He would cause every thing to work together for his good.

After him, an old sea captain from London, spoke of the delight he experienced in finding a Bethel at Antwerp; he had been here many times and had longed and prayed for this. On one occasion, many years ago, he had held sabbath-worship on the deck of his own ship in this port, and it was made a special subject of prayer at that meeting, that the Lord would open the way for the establishment of a seamen's Bethel here. And now he blessed the Lord that his prayer was answered. He gave an interesting account of the beginning of the Bethel movement in Liverpool, in which he had taken part. Efforts for the improvement of seamen had been wonderfully multiplied in his day.

He was followed by another English captain from Sunderland. He had been a wild, reckless youth, although religiously brought up. Had indulged very freely in the use of intoxicating liquor, but now had been a teetotaler for many years. It was not till after he had given up liquor that he was converted. He was brought under conviction by seeing the Christian conduct of another sea captain, before one word had been spoken to him on the subject of religion. He had been a professing Christian now fifteen years, but it was only a short time since he had come into the full liberty of the gospel. He now felt a most perfect assurance of the love and favor of Christ. He urged us all not to rest in any thing short of this, but to trust the Lord with all our hearts and to serve him with all our might.

I then called on a sailor to pray, who, but a few weeks before, was lying drunk in the streets, but whom we had taken kindly by the hand and induced to sign the temperance pledge, and whom God, by his Spirit, had brought to the foot of the cross, as I hope, an humble penitent. His prayer was so humble, so scriptural

and so beautifully expressed, that we were much affected.

Others were ready to take part in the meeting, but as we had no fire and it was quite cold, I did not think it prudent to prolong the meeting, and so after singing the "gospel ship," we reluctantly separated,—some never to meet with us again,—and those who were to remain over the week, thought that it was a great while to wait till another Sabbath before we could come together again.

The next Sunday, Feb, 2d,—that is last Sunday,—we had a much larger number, fifty or more, and our two services were yet more interesting. Our subject in the morning was the "*New birth*." 1. What is it? 2. Why necessary? 3. Who is the author of it? Text: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God." The congregation was still and solemn. We gave the afternoon meeting entirely into the hands of those present. The Bethel was full. Captain Lealand presided, and gave an interesting address of half an hour.

He spoke of his great love for seamen, his desire to do them good; this was the only reason he had not given up going to sea long ago. The position of a captain was a very important one, no man was truly fit to hold it, however good a seaman he might be, unless he was a Christian man and could pray with his men and point them to Christ. He was followed by the Prussian mate, who had spoken the previous Sabbath. He recounted in a very interesting earnest manner the dealings of God with him, in bringing him to see his need of a Saviour, and in enabling him to persevere in the way of holiness, in spite of the opposition he had encountered. Masters had told him that he could not go mate of a vessel and live up to his principles, but if he could not go first mate, he would go second mate, or even before the mast. He was willing to serve Christ in any capacity; he loved sailors, though he did not love the sea, but he was converted at sea, and he felt it his duty to remain in his calling; for

good Christian sailors were very much needed.

Then there came forward an "*old salt*," over 60 years of age; a real son of the Ocean, one of the roughest, stoutest, brawniest specimens of humanity I ever saw, the captain of a "*Billy-boy*," who had just arrived in port that noon, and having heard that there was a Bethel open here, as soon as he could make fast, had hurried to the place of worship, thanking God that there was, at last, a place in Antwerp where sailors could meet to pray. As he stood before us with his huge, uncouth body, his thick grisly hair shading his wrinkled, scared and weather-beaten visage, and in a voice as deep as thunder, but awfully rough and discordant, and in his broad Yorkshire brogue, began to speak, the effect was ludicrous; but he had not proceeded far before our smiles were turned to tears, and as he went on to speak of the marvelous grace of God, to him, a poor, miserable, loathsome sinner, he burst into tears, and we all bowed our heads and wept with him. "O my friends, I've been a great sinner, I've been an abominable sinner, I've been a wretched sinner. I canna' tell ye what an ignorant, wild sinner I've been, what a drinkin', fightin', cursin', God darin' sinner. The time was when the sailor who could swear the hardest, and smoke the hardest, and drink the hardest, was the best sailor, and I was one of that sort. I was so ignorant and careless, that I was almost 40 before I could say the Lord's prayer. I never went inside of a church for more than 30 years, but when my children were christened, or something of that sort. I was into every kind of sin and vice, but in all my wicked course, I could never forget what the good lady taught me in the Sunday school when I was a lad; it would keep comin' into my mind, and when I was cussin' and swearin' the awfulest, and the fire of hell was flashin' in my eyes, if I happened to heave in sight of the house where I went to Sunday school, I would burst into tears.

The ways of God are mysterious. He first broke my leg. I was stripped

and fighting, and full of liquor, and pouring 'out horrible oaths; but the minute my leg was broke, I stopped and began to ask God to have mercy on me. But I was an ungrateful wretch, and as soon as my leg began to get better, I began to get into my old ways again, and then after 18 months he broke it again, and I was such a profane, abusive wretch, that nobody would touch me or let me into their house and I had to lay a long time in the street; and then I promised the Lord that I would not touch another drop of liquor for seven years; and I kept my word, and I have kept it ever since."

It was a long time after this before he was converted. The history of his conversion is exceedingly interesting; but there is no room for it here. We must give it at another time, if at all. He was under dreadful distress of mind, fighting against the spirit of God. His vessel was all ready for sea, but he lay eight days at the dock,—he could not go. He finally found joy and peace in believing in Jesus, and now he is full of the love of Jesus. He had no fear of death; during the dreadful storm through which he had passed, two nights before, on his way to this port; he was perfectly calm and resigned to the will of God. He concluded his most interesting narrative by earnestly exhorting young men not to do as he had done, but now to come to Christ.

Another captain followed in some most interesting remarks, which I cannot now relate, and still another in a most earnest prayer accompanied by a chorus of "Amen," "praise the Lord," by many voices; then we sung "a happy day that fixed my choice," and it was full time to close the meeting. But the leader, often relating how God had heard and answered the prayers of a few praying souls of whom he was one, in opening the way for building a house of worship in his own town when it seemed to be utterly closed, proposed that we all unite every day from 12 to 1, when many captains were accustomed to meet each other at the mercy seat, in praying that the Lord would

give to us here *fire and light*, that we might be able to hold evening meetings, and to have a comfortable room in cold weather. This was earnestly seconded, and we separated thankful for the favor God had already shown us, and in the con-

fident hope that he would bless our christian labors yet more abundantly.

Faithfully yours

J. H. PETTINGEL, *Chaplain*.

Antwerp, Feb. 7th, 1868.

HOW SAILORS ARE SWINDLED.

It affords us pleasure to see that the poor sailor has found an advocate in the writer of the following article, which is taken from the "*Sun*" of March 4th; the editorials of which paper, by the way, are attracting attention for their freshness and decided ability.

ED. MAG.

A very honest and intelligent seafaring man has communicated to us the particulars of a swindle recently perpetrated upon him and some fellow seamen, which, for the sake of putting others on their guard, we desire to make public. We have already laid the case before the Department of State at Washington, and, as it is now undergoing investigation there, we suppress the names of the ship and of the parties to the fraud, and give merely the main facts.

The sailor in question shipped at San Francisco last summer, for a voyage to Liverpool, where, according to the articles which he signed, as they were read by and to him, he was to be finally discharged. Seamen being at the time very scarce in California, his wages were to be \$25 per month, in gold, and the usual advance, \$60, was paid him in gold coin. The vessel arrived at Liverpool in about five months, and then, according to the shipping articles he supposed he had signed, he should have received \$65 in gold, and have been discharged. Instead of this, he was informed by the captain that the laws of the United States forbade his being discharged in a foreign port; and more than that, when the shipping articles were produced, it was found that they bound him for a

voyage, not only to England, but to East Indies, Indian Ocean, or any port in the United States. However, the captain told him that the thing could be arranged by his forfeiting one month's wages and paying 11s. sterling to the American shipping master at Liverpool; to which terms, being very anxious to return to this port, he assented. All parties then went to the American Consul's office, and there the settlement was made in this fashion: The \$65, due in gold, was paid in greenbacks, and from this sum was deducted the \$25 forfeit in gold, or say \$35 greenbacks, leaving him only \$30 greenbacks, or about £4 2s., instead of the \$65 gold, or £13, to which he was justly entitled. On submitting to this exaction, and paying the 11s. to the American shipping master, he was transferred to another vessel bound for this port, and so came home. As he very pithily remarked to us, no land-sharks in any Water street den could have fleeced him more than this.

But this does not constitute the whole of the swindle. The captain entirely misstated the law in regard to discharging American seamen in foreign ports. He is, indeed, required to give security that he will bring back to this country every American sailor shipped here; but he may avoid this responsibility, if he chooses, by obtaining the sanction of the American Consul of any port to his discharging such seamen there. On doing so, however, he is required to pay every man so discharged two month's wages, and to pay another month's wages to the fund for the relief of destitute seamen. So that the captain, in this case, cheated the

sailor, not only of the \$25 gold and of the difference between gold and greenbacks, but of \$50 gold due him by law, and the Government lost \$25 gold besides.

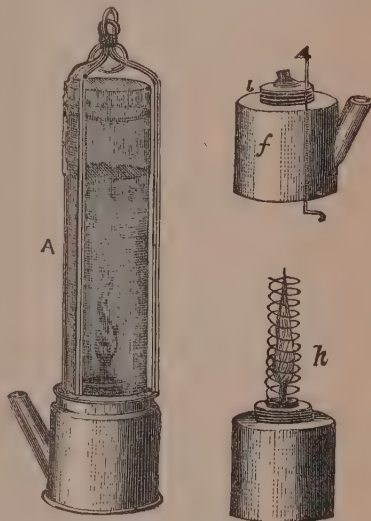
It is rather difficult to comprehend how our Consul in Liverpool, Mr. Dudley, should have allowed this transaction to be consummated in his office; and whether rightfully or not, the impression is quite general among seamen frequenting that port, that he, the shipping master, and the captains are all leagued together to plunder the sailors and divide the spoils. As an opportunity will, however, soon be given him to explain his conduct in the matter, we abstain from further comments upon it, but we trust that all who read this statement, whether they are seamen themselves, or have friends who follow the sea, will take note of it, and profit by the warning it gives: first, to take care and know what the shipping articles signed really contain; second to insist on pay in gold where the articles call for gold; and, thirdly, not to submit to any deduction as a condition of discharge.

Sad Death of a Sea Captain.

The steamer *Pennsylvania*, which left Liverpool Dec. 27th, arrived at this port after a long and stormy passage of 19 days. During a gale on New Year's day, Capt. Lewis, while on deck, was carried overboard by a wave. Every effort was made to save his life, but he was never seen again. It is presumed that he was at once carried under the vessel and struck by the fan. Capt. Lewis was educated in the Normal School at Greenwich Hospital. He had been twelve years in the service of E. Cunard, and three years in his present employment as Master. He had been the recipient of a hundred testimonials from passengers, all of which speak of him in the highest terms. It was his custom to have religious service on board his vessel every Sunday, at sea or in port. He leaves a wife and two young daughters to mourn his untimely fate. They reside at Plymouth, England.

Sir Humphrey Davy's Lamp.

Sir Humphrey Davy's safety lamp consists of a common oil-lamp, *f*, with a wire through the cistern for the purpose of raising or depressing the cotton wick without unscrewing the wire gauze; *b* is the male screw fitting the screw attached to the cylinder of wire gauze, which is made at



the top. The entire lamp is shown at *A*, whilst the platinum coil which Sir H. Davy recommends should be wound round the wick is shown at *h*. The small cage of platinum consists of wire of one-seventieth to one-eightieth of an inch in thickness, fastened to the wire for raising or depressing the cotton wick, and should the lamp be extinguished in an explosive mixture, the little coil of platinum begins to glow, and will afford sufficient light to guide the miner to a safe part of the mine.

With respect to this platinum coil, Sir H. Davy gives a careful charge, and says:

"The greatest care must be taken that no filament of wire of platinum protrudes on the exterior of the lamp, for this would fire externally an explosive mixture."

Since the invention of the Davy lamp, a great number of modifications have been brought forward, some of

which, for a short time, have occupied public attention, but whether from increased cost or a sort of inertia that arrests improvement, it is certain that the lamp originally devised by Sir Humphrey Davy is still the favorite.

Moisture and Mortality.

Rain, on the whole, would seem to exert a kindly and healthy influence. There is nothing very deadly in it. It may occasion catarrhs and rheumatic complaints, but these are curable with a little management and medicine. And we are apt to put to its credit the washing away of many of the most injurious causes of disease by a good flushing of the sewers. Summer diarrhœa, cholera, and typhoid fever would be likely to be greatly lessened by a copious rain fall. So says the London *Lancet*, and an examination of a meteorological and mortality chart for last year shows that in this city, the deaths from all diseases were fewest in numbers during times when the number of inches of rain was the greatest. Dr. Trench, the medical officer of health for Liverpool, has satisfied himself by a series of careful observations, extending over a number of years, that there is an inverse ratio between the amount of rain and the amount of mortality from infantile summer diarrhœa. To the same effect are the tables given by Mr. Mc Pherson, illustrating the relations of moisture to the mortality of cholera in Calcutta. According to these tables, the least mortality from cholera in Calcutta occurs in the months of July, August, and September, which are emphatically the wet months.—*Scientific American*.

A Word Fitly Spoken.

BY REV. BENJ. F. MILLARD.

A young sailor entered the study of the Mariners' Church, and holding out his hand to the pastor, said, "You do not know me? Well, last May I was here, a hardened young man, fearing neither God nor man, death nor eternity." The clergyman

replied that he did not remember him, and drew out from him the following history: One day a Christian friend spoke to him about his soul, and he told that friend how utterly indifferent and insensible he felt. "Perhaps," said his friend, "you have sinned away your day of grace." That remark was a nail fastened in a sure place. "The thought," he said, "struck me with the suddenness of lightning." He attended the Port Society's meetings, and soon after went to sea in a very wretched state. But when out at sea, with no Christian to speak to, he began to pray, and soon found the new and living way to the mercy seat. He was surrounded by a crew, who, from the captain down, were scoffers and blasphemers, but he determined to confess Christ before them. This brought down on him the ridicule of the whole ship's company, and the captain at length told him he must change his course, that he was making trouble among the men. The young confessor replied, modestly but firmly, that he would do his duty faithfully to the ship, but he must speak of Christ's love to him. The captain threatened to put him in irons if he persisted. He replied, manfully, "You may put me in irons; yes, in double irons, but you cannot take the love of Christ from my soul, nor silence my tongue."

The captain looked at him a moment, in silence, and turned away. The next day, to his surprise, the captain called him, and said to him, "I think you are right; you shall not be troubled any more." Some days after this, he was passing the cabin door, and, to his great joy, he saw the captain on his knees, seeking anxiously the salvation of his own soul, and before the voyage was over, he saw one of his scoffing shipmates weeping over a tract. "O," said he, "how that encouraged me, and as I went to the wheel that night, I prayed that God would give me that soul," a prayer which he had reason to hope was answered.

As he turned to leave the study he took from his purse \$10 and gave it to the pastor as a "thank-offering," adding, "God has been good to me,

and I am resolved to help give the Gospel to others."

Christian mothers in the morning of thy child's life, sow thy seed; now while he stands by your side on the shore, speak in his young ear words of counsel and of warning. Those words will come to him when he is far out at sea, buffeting the storm and encountering its perils,—over the wide waste of years, through the roar of traffic and the sweep of passion, those faithful words will yet ring out like a clear hail causing the strong bark to heave to and take a new departure.—*New York Observer.*

Pray On.

I had a brother once, now more than a brother. He was wild, wayward, reckless. Elder brother as he was, and the natural guide of a younger, I could not look to him for an example of good. He loved the wine-cup, he loved the paths of folly and sensual pleasure. When a boy—for God showed his great mercy to me in calling me early to a knowledge of himself—I used to pray for him often, with agony of soul. But on he went in his career of folly and sin a burden and a grief to his parents.

We grew up to manhood. Still prayer seemed unavailing. He had intelligence, ability. He might have been a useful, a happy, and a distinguished man. But he clung to his idols. At times, indeed, there was reflection, remorse, and a feeble effort to break away from his chains; but this soon passed, and he was as before. Prayer followed him still—the prayers and tears of a believing mother, whose heart swelled well-nigh unto breaking. But apparently there was no answer. He became a wanderer, went to sea, roamed in foreign lands. What he suffered we never knew. He returned destitute, wretched, a mere wreck of his former self; returned to a widowed mother, for our father had passed away. For a time he reformed, and hope again sprang up, alas! too soon to be dashed. His old habits resumed their wonted power.

Once more he goes forth; now to the distant west. Years pass—years of anxiety. Our loved mother, whose prayers, and patience, and hope never ceased, in a ripe old age goes to her gracious reward, her prayers unanswered, her hopes unrealized. But they were all laid up before God. Time in its ceaseless course rolls on. More than sixty winters whiten the head of that brother. Increasing infirmities warn him of the approaching end; yet he lives on without God, he turns in anger from every gospel appeal.

The ocean rolls between us; but on a foreign shore, to which God in his providence, has called me, my heart anxiously turns to the loved ones in my native land. Shall that brother descend to the grave having no interest in the Great Redeemer? Shall he in the great day be the only one of this family circle who has no crown to cast at his feet? It seems like hoping against hope, yet prayer in his behalf ceases not. Letters come, the seals are eagerly broken. What do I read? Is it possible? Is prayer, after so many years of patient waiting, indeed answered? Yes, that brother, so long, so very long a wanderer, sits at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind.

Now.

BY REV. NEWMAN HALL.

Now! A short word; a shorter thing. Soon uttered; sooner gone.

Now! A grain of sand on a boundless plain. A tiny ripple on a measureless ocean! Over that ocean we are sailing, but the only part of it we possess is that on which our vessel at this moment floats. From the stern we look backwards and watch the ship's wake in the waters; but how short a distance it reaches, and how soon every trace disappears! We see also some landmarks farther off, and then the horizon closes the view; but beyond, that ocean still rolls far, far away. Memory contemplates the few years of our individual life; history shows us a dim outline of mountains; science tells

us that still further back, out of sight, stretches that vast sea; reason assures us that, like space, it hath no boundary; but all that we possess of it is represented by this small word—*Now!* The past, for action, is ours no longer. The future may never become present, and is not ours until it does. The only part of time we can use is this very moment—*Now!*

But multitudes waste what they actually possess in vain regrets for what they once had, or vain intentions respecting what is not yet theirs. "Alas!" says one, "I have thrown away the choicest opportunities, and the best part of my life is lost! O, if those years might return, how differently would I now act!" Those years cannot return. But you have the present moment! Why add what you *can* improve to the heap of lost opportunities which are now far beyond you reach?

A passenger comes bustling into the railway depot. He is just too late, for the engine has sounded its whistle, and the cars are gliding rapidly out of sight. He looks after them in despair. He had important business to transact. Ruinous may be the consequences of delay. He sits down on his trunk, leaning his head upon his hand, and, absorbed in vain regrets, gazes vacantly forward. But see! another train is at the platform, just about to start for the same destination. Other passengers have arrived, and are eagerly crowding in. The bell rings. Again the whistle sounds; again the engine bears away its living freight; and starting up, our friend again bewails an opportunity lost! O, sit not down again despondingly! There is yet another chance. Throw not this away, too, but at once take your seat in the third train which *now* is preparing to follow the other two.

But should we never look regretfully after the past? Certainly; but for this purpose, that we may be stirred up to improve the present. Let us think about past sins we may repent of *now*. Let us meditate on former failures that we may watch and pray against similar dangers *now*. But let us not be so foolish as to lose

what yet remains while poring over what is gone forever. Rouse thee, self-reproaching, desponding sinner! Thy guilt has been great, but thou canst not lessen it by merely regretting it. Bring it *now* to Christ, that he may pardon it! You cannot atone for the past, but you may improve the present. Often in bygone years you might have sought God in an "accepted time," and have rejoiced in a "day of salvation." Great is your guilt and great your folly in having lost such opportunities. Yes, think of this, and be ashamed. Think of this and mourn. But so think of it as not to add to that guilt and folly. So think of it as to act at once on the Divine word, "Behold, *Now* is the accepted time; behold, *Now* is the day of salvation."

The Ship without Ballast.

Not long ago, a noble steamer started on a pleasant day for a short voyage without ballast. Although it was winter, the sail was to be so brief, no danger was apprehended.

A youth, whose relative commanded the vessel, and who was fond of adventure, especially on the sea, obtained permission to go with the captain.

For several hours, the ship went smoothly on her way; but, when rounding a cape, a tremendous gale struck her, and she was dismantled, and at the mercy of the waves.

Oh, how anxiously beat the parental hearts whose consent had imperiled the trembling boy! Day after day brought no tidings from the vessel, which had been seen, and for whose safety a vain endeavor had been made.

At last, the welcome news of rescue from the brink of hopeless disaster came.

Beware, young man, of a ship without ballast; of any enterprise which has not been tried and proved to be safe, because *principle* is on board, and God's favoring smile upon it.

Beware, parents, of consenting to perils of soul because a pleading child

would sail away from hallowed restraints and "see the world," or engage in business whose golden promise is unblessed of the Lord.

Beware, O sinner! of *an hour's sailing* toward eternity without the grace of God in the heart. The sudden gale, the wrecking storm, may be very near, and the precious bark without this ballast go down

"In the gloom of eternity's night."

P. C. H.

—*Christian Banner.*

How a Sailor Took Care of his Library.

A LETTER ABOUT IT.

Boston, January 9th, 1868.

Dear Sir,—I have the pleasure of thanking you for giving me a Seamen's Friend Society's library when I last sailed. I assure you it did me a great deal of good. I believe that without it I should still have been in darkness. At present I feel quite different from what I did when I last sailed from this port. I thank God for his mercy shown me, a sinner; and my earnest prayer is, that He will give me His Spirit, so that I may understand how to love and serve Him more perfectly, and to be of more service to my fellow men.

I would also inform you about our voyage, which was pleasant enough during the passage to St. Thomas, where we arrived on the 12th of October, and moored ship, and made everything ready for discharging.

On the 29th of October there was a very gloomy sky, and signs of a hurricane in a short time, so we put out some extra hawsers, and had just secured the ship as we thought, when the hurricane came down on us and carried away the wharf to which our vessel was moored, and on which I was standing at the time. Our vessel was now adrift with two men and a boy on board, not knowing what would be their fate. It was blowing so hard at the time that no one could stand on his legs, or see anything whatever. The steward had the presence of mind to jump overboard, and he came floating ashore on a piece of the wharf, but in such an exhausted state, that if I had not got

hold of him he would have been lost. We then commenced to pray God for those who were left on board, as we thought they would perish in the storm. We had our boat stove and our jib-boom carried away, and other damage done to us.

The next day the wind was more moderate and we were able to get off in a boat and look around the harbor, when among the many wrecks floating about, we found our vessel high and dry on the beach with her foremast gone, and the hull of the vessel badly damaged; in fact, she was a total loss. The men who were on board when she broke adrift from her moorings, and who were for nearly twenty-four hours drifting about the harbor in peril of their lives, managed to get ashore when the vessel struck, and were saved. After the disaster I took the yellow fever, but blessed be God I got well again. I have also to state that when I got out of the hospital, that myself the mate and another man were sent on board the steamship *Catharine Whiting*, bound for New York. Her owner had died of yellow fever, and his remains were placed on board in a coffin. The next day we found the coffin leaky, in consequence of which, our captain and several of the men took sick; the captain so badly that he had to give up his command to another captain, (on his way to New York as a passenger,) who found it necessary on account of the fever spreading, to put the ship into Bermuda. When near that place we struck on a reef, which carried away our rudder. Meanwhile the captain died. Here the chief officer went ashore in the pilot boat, to secure a steamer for towing us off. After some time a man-of-war got us off, but parted two hawsers in doing so; we then drifted out to sea about 70 miles off the Island. In the meantime we constructed a temporary rudder so that we could shape our course for the Island again. When we arrived there, we were put in quarantine for 21 days, at the expiration of which, a schooner bound for Norfolk, and which had lost some of her crew at sea and was unable to

proceed any further, called at Bermuda for men, when I had the good fortune to be sent on board. After landing at Norfolk, I took a passage for New-York, and thence to Boston, and during all this time, and amid all my troubles, I have carried your library

No. 1,337 with me, cheerfully, and as carefully as I possibly could, and it has been a great joy to me, and to many others whom I have happened to meet.

I am sir,

Your obed't humble serv't,

GEORGE C. KING.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

Norfolk, Va.

March 2, 1868.

DEAR BRETHREN,

Although the past month is the shortest of the year I have accomplished more in the way of visiting vessels and distributing reading matter than during any previous month. The amount of shipping in port over Sabbath has been unusually large, and we hence have had an increased attendance at the Bethel. In no month has my work been more pleasant and encouraging. Sabbath before last our evening service was very interesting and solemn, especially the meeting for prayer and conference, immediately after preaching. Several of the sailors present voluntarily spoke of the grace of God manifested to them on the ocean, and made earnest appeals to their fellow seamen, and offered fervent prayers in their behalf. All present seemed to be deeply interested and feel the Spirits influence descending upon us.

We have also had several sailors whose vessels were lying in port over Sabbath come in to help us in the Sunday-school. The attendance has increased nearly one-half within the last five or six Sundays, and we have also had an accession of two permanent teachers, there certainly seems to be an increasing interest in the school.

During the month I have visited 158 vessels, (some repeatedly), and distributed 3036 pages of tracts, and 100 *Seamen's Friend*, and 28 Bibles and Testaments.

Although there has been some increase in the amount of shipping in port, I do not find there is of a feeling in commercial circles that busi-

ness is yet permanently improving. How much we need rest from political agitation to restore confidence and former prosperity. May the Lord deliver us in our present National crisis as He has in the past; and while his judgments are abroad in the land, may the people thereof learn righteousness.

Fraternally yours,

E. N. CRANE.

Richmond, Va.

REV. F. J. BOGGS, CHAPLAIN.

DEAR BROTHER,

My operations for this month have had their usual interest, my exercises at the Bethel, though not largely attended by sailors, have not been without interest, the Sunday-school has largely increased in numbers and I have a good hope that impressions are made on many a young heart that would not likely be reached by other ordinary means. The sailors are attentive, and always receive the FRIEND most thankfully. The Boatmen, nearly all colored, are especially proud of my attentions, and when I informed them that I was Chaplain of Sailors and Boatmen, seemed to feel an interest in me. At this season, however, I cannot do more than *visit* them, during the summer I can preach to them in the open air near the basin, where their boats are moored, and which is nearly a mile from the Bethel. As soon as the weather becomes more favorable I will visit City Point again; at this season I could not accomplish much there, as I would be compelled to preach in an open house, with no means of warming it.

Feb. 24th, 1868.

Charleston, S. C.

DEAR BROTHER—For the last month the attendance at the Bethel has been on the increase, although the shipping in port is exceedingly small, compared to years before the war. My Bethel is still unrepaired, but I hope this summer to be able to accomplish it.

Yours truly,
WM. B. YATES, *Chaplain.*

Encouraging Incidents.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF MR. J. H. GARDNER, MISSIONARY AMONG SEAMEN.

A short time since whilst passing through South Street, a seaman ran up, and with a cordial shake of the hand, expressed much pleasure in meeting me. He said, "I thank you for the good advice which you gave me in my boarding-house the last time I was ashore. I then spent my time in low cellars in Greenwich Street, the theatre and other bad places, but now, I have quit the use of intoxicating drinks and profanity to which I was much addicted, and go to church, and read my Bible, and pray daily. I find much more pleasure and profit in my present way of living than I ever did before, I believe that my sins have been forgiven me for Christ's sake, and I intend by his grace to devote the residue of my life to the Saviour's service. I saw him again just before he sailed, and his parting words were, "God helping me I mean to keep faithful."

As a further evidence that the divine blessing attends the means employed for the benefit of seamen, I will relate the following incident viz: I recently called to leave a bundle of reading matter on board a vessel bound to——, and inquired for the mate. As soon as he heard my voice he came forward and gave me a very cordial welcome. It seems that I had met with him just before he sailed on the previous voyage, and urged him to give his heart to the Saviour. He said he was much given to swearing, and that I urged him to give it up at once. I also asked him if he ever prayed. On his replying that he did not, I told him that I would make him a proposition. "Let

me hear it" said he. I then told him that if he would commence that evening, and continue to pray once every day for one month, and as much often as he chose, I would when I bowed in secret to confess my own sins and ask for strength to persevere in the good way, remember him also at the mercy seat. He agreed to do so, and we parted. He now says, "we hauled out from the wharf shortly after you left me. I have not sworn one oath since that time. Before I turned in that night I began to pray according to promise, and now feel it to be a privilege as well as a duty." I asked him if he trusted to the performance of duty, for the forgiveness of his sins. His prompt and emphatic response was, "no, I trust in the Lord Jesus Christ only for the forgiveness of my sins, and do all these things and hope that I shall do much more, out of love to Him."

For another instance, as I was returning home one afternoon, I met a pious sailor who said: "I had a ship-mate, a young Swede, whom you met with at his boarding-house, invited to church, and gave "James' Anxious Enquirer," in Swedish.—That book was the means of his conversion. He has now joined the Seamen's Church in Baltimore, on a profession of faith, and I am happy to say that he evidences his profession by a godly walk and conversation. Instances of this kind can be multiplied to any extent, and they encourage every one to be willing to contribute of his time and substance for the furtherance of the good work among seamen.

(For the Sailors' Magazine.)

United States Naval Hospital Prayer-Meetings.

Those who attend our little prayer-meetings held at the Marine Hospital, Brooklyn, notice an absence of that restraint usually experienced in church prayer-meetings. This is due to the presence of the Holy Spirit; and to the realization that there are none to criticise, or sit in judgment on those who take part in the meetings.

Above the reading desk, with extended wings, is the emblem of the Divine Spirit which ever seems, when prayer ascends, to hover over us.

The little bell from the belfry of the chapel rings out, and one by one the men file in. Here comes one who has lost a leg. There is a man with but one arm. Some are pale and sick. Yonder man with bright red spot on his cheek, and hard drawn breath, you need but to glance at, to know his days on earth are numbered.

They are all seated, a hymn sung, a prayer offered, a chapter read. You stand to speak to sick and dying men, to men to whom you may never speak again. You speak of Christ and his dying love. Into your own soul streams a new light from the cross, and down the weather beaten cheek of some old son of the ocean rolls an unbidden tear. Prayers are offered, and earnest loving words are spoken. The time has come for parting. An old gray-haired sailor wants to speak with you; he takes your hand, and says with a tremulous voice, he thinks he has found Jesus. Perhaps some younger man waits in his seat desiring to express his new joy and hope; or be pointed to where he can lay down his weary burden of sin.

All have gone; and when another Sabbath evening's meeting calls us, some new faces will gather in the chapel, some old ones will be missed. It is always so. From the Hospital, those who are cured, go back to active service, or to their homes. And beneath the old willows of the cemetery, many find a resting place. In a strange city some find their father's house—mourning and pain are turned to joy and consolation—and it comes to pass that "at even-tide there is light."

From time to time we hear from those who have gone from the Hospital into the world, bearing the name of Christ. They are standing steadfast in the faith, and one of them is studying in the hope of one day preaching to his ship-mates the everlasting gospel of peace. J. D. E.

Brooklyn, March 10, 1868.

Sailor's Home 190 Cherry Street.

Mr. Cassidy reports 72 arrivals at the Home during the month of February. These deposited \$5,367, of which \$400 were placed in the Savings Bank, and \$3,927 sent to relatives and friends. Six sick men were sent to the hospital, and forty-two shipped without advance wages.

The religious interest still continues at the Home.

Colored Sailor's Home, 2 Dover St.

Mr. Powell reports as arrived at his home in February, 26 cooks, stewards, and seamen; and a state of unusual destitution among colored seamen generally, owing to the severe winter and lack of employment.

Position of the Planets for April.

MERCURY is a morning star rising about 4½ h. A. M. or half an hour before the Sun, throughout this month. It is near Jupiter on the 13th, Mars on the 17th, and the Moon on the 20th.

VENUS is an evening star during the month; setting at the beginning about 10 h. P. M., and ¾ of an hour later at the end; rising throughout the month about 7½ h. A. M. It is at its greatest northern latitude on the 27th.

MARS is a morning star, rising about 5 h. A. M. at the beginning, and an hour earlier at the end of this month; setting throughout at 4 h. P. M. It is near the Moon on the evening of the 20th.

JUPITER is a morning star during this month, rising about 5 h. A. M. at the beginning, and at 3½ h. A. M. at the end; setting respectively at 4 h. 40 m. and 3 h. 50 m. P. M. It is near Mercury on the 17th, and the Moon on the 20th.

SATURN rises at the beginning of this month about 10 h. P. M., and at the end an hour earlier, remaining visible throughout the night, and setting at 8½ h. and 6½ h. A. M. respectively.

B. B.
N. Y. Nautical School, 92 Madison St.

Total Disasters Reported in February.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the past month, is 33, of which 17 were wrecked, 5 abandoned, 1 foundered, 1 sunk by collision, 2 burnt, and 7 are missing. They are classed as follows:—2 steamers, 5 ships, 3 barks, 10 brigs, and 13 schooners, and their total estimated valuation, exclusive of cargoes, is \$930,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, whence hailing, destinations, &c. Those marked *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *s c* sunk by collision, *b* burnt, and *m* missing.

STEAMERS.

Nightingale, *w*, (at Vera Cruz).

Gov. Morton, *w*, from New Orleans for Galveston.

SHIPS.

Lizzie Oakford, *w*, (at Howland's Island).

Washington, *w*, (at McKean's Island).

Minnehaha, *w*, (at Baker's Island).

Westminster, *m*, from Akyab for Falmouth, E. Chas. J. Baker, *a*, from Gottenburg for Boston.

BARKS.

S. D. Ryerson, *b*, from Phila. for Antwerp.

Weymouth, *w*, from New Orleans for Vera Cruz.

Eureka, *b*,* from New York (at Antwerp).

BRIGS.

Thetis, *w*, from Wilmington, N.C. for Liverpool.

M. T. Trueman, *w*, from New York for St. Johns, N. F.

Exile, *w*, (at Savanna-la-mar, Ja.) for New York.

Evarista, *m*, from Fayal for Boston.

Theresa, *m*, from Windsor for Philadelphia.

C. B. Allen, *w*, from New York for New Orleans.

Sheet Anchor, *w*, (at Coos Bay).

Blonde, *w*, from Vera Cruz (at Minutitan).

Elvie Allen, *w*, (on Cape Breton).

Sicilia, *a*, from New York for Gibraltar.

SCHOONERS.

Phantom, *w*, from Porto Bello for Baltimore.

Lone Star, *a*, from Savannah for Hilton Head.

P. A. Keyser, *sc*, from Pawtuxent River for Philadelphia.

Moses Waring, *a*, from Brunswick, Ga., for New York.

Kingfisher, *m*, from Boston for Galveston.

Oceana, *m*, from Boston.

Odd Fellow, *w*, from Ogeechee for Charleston.

Lizzie F. Chester, *a*, from New York for Antigua.

Independence, *w*, (at Minutitan).

Kate, *w*, from Pensacola for St. Mary's, Tex.

Fannie & May, *m*, from Virginia for Portsmouth, N. H.

Montezuma, *f*, from Baltimore for Galveston.

Eliza Walker, *m*, from San Francisco for Shoal Water Bay.

* Reported loss doubted.

Notices to Mariners.

No. 9.—Australia, east coast.—Queensland.—Fixed Light at North Head, Port Denison.

Official information has been received at this office that, from the 23d day of October, 1867, the temporary light exhibited on the North Head islet, Port Denison, would be replaced by a permanent one.

The light is a fixed white light, seaward, excepting from between the bearings S. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. and S. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., where it appears as a red light. It is elevated 86 feet above the level of the sea, and in clear weather should be seen from a distance of eleven miles. The illuminating apparatus is by lenses of the fifth order.

The light-house is hexagonal-shaped, white, and 30 feet high. Its position is in latitude $19^{\circ} 59' 53''$ S., longitude $148^{\circ} 17' 40''$ east from Greenwich.

Directions.—Vessels coming from the northward, opening the red light, will be in a line with the outer extremity of Cape Edgecumbe; and as soon as they have stood through the red light, and opened out the white light, they may steer in for the north entrance, and while to the eastward of the red light are clear of all the outlying dangers to the eastward of that cape.

Fixed Light at Gatcombe Head, Port Curtis.

Also, that from the 4th day of October, 1867, the temporary light exhibited on Gatcombe head, Port Curtis, would be replaced by a permanent one. The light is a fixed white light, seaward, but it will appear red from the bearing W. by S. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. northward, and also from between the bearings N. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. and N. NE. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. It is elevated 66 ft. above the level of the sea, and in clear weather should be seen from a distance of ten miles.

The illuminating apparatus is dioptric, or by lenses of the fifth order.

The light-house is hexagonal-shaped, white, and 30 ft. high. Its position is in latitude $23^{\circ} 53' 4''$ S., longitude $151^{\circ} 23' 45''$ east of Greenwich.

Directions.—Vessels coming from the southward should, while keeping outside the east bank, in not less than 8 fathoms water, steer to the westward, until the light on Gatcombe head is seen as a red light; while vessels from the northward should pass into the arc of the red light, and with the red light bearing SW. by W. steer for it until east point bears NW., then steer S. SW. and open the white light before reaching Settlement point. When the line of change of color is reached, vessels should keep within the light, which will lead in clear of the rocks of Settlement point; after passing the point alter course so as to pass outside the Oyster rock, and as soon as the red light opens bearing N. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., being then to the westward of the Junction buoy, stand across into the south channel.

No. 10.—Fixed Lights on Woody Island, Port of Maryborough, Great Sandy Strait.

Official information has been received at this office that, from the 1st day of October, 1867, lights would be exhibited from two light-houses recently erected on Woody Island, Port of Maryborough, Great Sandy Strait; one near the north bluff of the island, the other near the middle bluff.

The North Bluff light is a fixed white light, excepting from between the bearings SW. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. and W. $\frac{1}{2}$ S., where it is a red light. It is elevated 130 feet above the level of the sea.

The Middle Bluff light is a fixed white light, excepting from between the bearings S. SW. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. and S. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., where it is a red light, and is obscured from between the bearings N. NW. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. and N. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. It is elevated 215 feet above the level of the sea.

The illuminating apparatus of both lights is dioptric, or by lenses of the fourth order.

Both light-houses are hexagonal-shaped, and 22 feet high; the northern is placed four-tenths of a mile from the extreme of Datum point, 100 yards within the high-water line; the southern is placed on the summit of the island abreast Middle bluff. They bear from each other SE. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. and NW. $\frac{1}{2}$ W., distant nearly two miles.

These lights are exhibited to enable vessels to enter the port of Maryborough through the west channel, at night.

Directions.—When entering Hervey bay, steer so as to pass one or two miles west of the Fairway buoy, until the two lights on Woody island are visible, and are brought in a line bearing SE. $\frac{1}{2}$ E.; steer with the two lights in one past Dayman spit and the Middle bank, until the two lights are nearly on the same level, then look out for the red buoy, which is placed a short distance to the southwest of the line of the lights; on sighting the red buoy steer about E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. (making due allowance for tide) for the red buoy off Woody island spit (or the north end of Long

Middle bank); should the low or north light be the first to appear red, keep upon the edge of the red light until the high light is also red; but if the high light is the first to appear red, steer south until the lower light is also red.

When the lights are seen to become red at the same time, a vessel is about one-third the distance from the spit across the channel: then steer about SE. $\frac{1}{4}$ E., and open the white lights, when, if the lower light shows a white light first, the vessel will be to the eastward of the course, and to the westward if the upper light becomes white first. From thence steer to pass Little Woody and Duck islands, keeping Little Woody island open of the latter until the high light is obscured, when the vessel will be abreast the red beacon, she may then steer S. SW. $\frac{1}{4}$ W. until the light again opens out as a white light, when she will be abreast the red buoy opposite the white cliffs, from which a course must be gradually shaped for the river heads.

In entering with the two lights in one, should the red buoy which denotes the turning point, by any accident, not be seen, the vessel may still with safety stand on with the lights in one, until the high light is dipped below the northern hill.

[All bearings are magnetic. Variation at Port Denison 7° 30'; at Port Curtis 8° 30', and at Port of Maryborough, 9° Easterly in 1868.]

By ORDER:

W. B. SHUBRICK,

Chairman.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,

Office Light-house Board,

Washington, D. C., March 9, 1868.

Receipts for February, 1868.

MAINE.

Biddeford, Pavilion ch. \$12 46
Yarmouth, Mrs. G. R. Chandler. 1 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Centre Harbor, Rev. C. Willey. 5 00
Chester, friends. 2 50

VERMONT.

Chester, Mrs. Chas. E. Lord. 5 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

A friend. 3 00
Anburdale, Cong. ch. 96 04
Boston, Henry M. Cornell. 5 00
Cambridge, E. T. 5 00
Dorchester, Estate of Mrs. Lusanna Tucker, by Eben. Alden and Charles Howe, Executors. 985 98
East Orleans, Cong. ch. 16 15
Fall River, Central ch. 92 00
Grafton, Anon. 5 00
Great Barrington. 24 00
Groton, Cong. ch. 18 08
Hadley, Ladies' Seamen's Friend Soc'y, of First religious Soc'y, const. (with prev. donation) Mrs. H. Eliz. Allen, Mrs. Edw. Goodwin, and Chas. Cook, 2nd L. M.'s. 69 00
Harvard, Cong. ch. 18 00
Lawrence, Lawrence-st. S. S., \$15 for lib'y. 20 00
Lowell, High-st. ch, 2 lib's. 71 34
Medfield, 2nd Cong. ch. 17 10
North Andover, Estate of Rev. Lyman Mathews, by Wm. H. Mathews. 23 56
North Andover, Cong. ch. 27 13
Northampton, 1st Cong. ch. 180 54
Randolph, A. W. T. & S. B. A., for lib. 15 00
South Wellfleet, \$15 for lib'y. 22 25
Wellfleet, I. E. Kemp. 10 00
Cong. ch, add'l. 1 00
M. E. ch. 2 00
West Barnstable, Cong. ch. 12 47

RHODE ISLAND.

Newport, Mrs. Wm. Littlefield. 1 00

CONNECTICUT.

East Haddam, 1st Cong. ch. 9 72
Greenwich, 2nd Cong. ch. J. H. K. and J. L. Roberts, each \$15 for lib'y. 128 57
Hartford, 1st Cong. ch, const. Alfred Smith, L. D. 100 00
Chas. H. Ballard. 1 00
Litchfield, 1st Cong. ch. 67 35
Mansfield, 1st Cong. ch. S. S. lib'y. 12 00
Middletown, 1st Cong. ch. 92 00
Milford, Plymouth ch, add'l. 1 00
New Haven, D. W. Buckingham. 5 00
North Stamford, Cong. ch. 9 67
Stratford, Gen. G. Loomis, U. S. A. 2 00
Watertown, Benj. De Forest, const. himself, L. D. 100 00
Westbrook, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Chapman, const. Dan'l A. Chittenden, L. M. 30 00
West Hartford, Lucretia C. Hyde. 1 00
Westminster, Cong. ch. 6 00
Windsor Locks, Cong. ch. 39 28
Willimantic, Cong. ch. 48 14
Bap. ch, for lib'y. 20 45

NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, Clinton Ave, Cong. ch, of which const. John Kellum and A. S. Barnes, L. D's, each \$100. 661 50
Canandaigua, Cong. ch. S. S. lib'y. 15 00
Harlem, Ref. ch. S. S. 45 00
Henderson, Chas. Eggleston. 1 00
Kingston, 1st Ref. ch. S. S. lib'y. 30 00
New York City, E. D. Stanton. 100 00
Atlantic Mail Steamship Co. 50 00
Thos. H. Faile. 50 00
Walter Edwards. 25 00
John E. Hurd. 25 00
Edmund Penfold. 25 00
Otis D. Swan. 25 00
Wm. Oothout. 25 00
J. W. Beekman. 20 00
Lucius Hopkins. 20 00
Mrs. Wm. Curtis Noyes. 12 00
C. F. Hunter. 10 00
Baldwin, Fisher & Co. 10 00
F. H. Abbott. 10 00
Mr. C. 5 00
Chas. Farrar. 5 00
R. S. King. 5 00
John Saxton. 3 00
Wm. Sanderson. 2 00
M. A. S. 2 00
Capt. A. Gilchrist. 2 00
Capt. Comery. 2 00
Cash. 1 00
R. B. C. 1 00
Owego, Pres. ch. S. S. lib'y. 15 00
Mrs. Chas. Platt. 15 00
Rondout, Pres. ch. S. S., \$19; Miss Annie S. Ludlum's class, \$15. 34 00

NEW JERSEY.

Lafayette, Rev. W. R. D. 15 00
Madison, 1st Pres. ch. 101 35
Morristown, 1st Pres. ch. 126 26
New Brunswick, J. K. Williamson, lib. 15 00
Somerville, 1st Ref. ch, P. A. Dumont, library. 15 00
Westfield, Pres. ch. 54 70

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, Jay Cooke, const. himself, L. D. 100 00
Miss E. P. Shields, \$50; Mrs. Lavinia Morgan and Mrs. M. A. Coit, \$40; Benj. F. Fredick, \$20, const. themselves, L. M.'s. 110 00
\$4,228 69

ANTWERP BETHEL.

Sundry collections. frs. 150 75
British & Foreign Sailors' Soc'y " 251 50



April.] Published by the American Seamen's Friend Society. [1868.

To be able to Read, a Privilege.

CHILDREN, do you ever think of the privilege you enjoy in being able to read, and in being taught Sabbath after Sabbath the truth of God's holy word. If you have never thought of this read the following :

In one of the schools at Newbern, there is a pious old woman of eighty years. She had been very constant in her attendance, and earnest in her efforts, but could not overcome readily the difficulties. Her eyes were dim with age; it was with great difficulty she saw the letters in the large Testament, and still greater that she remembered them. After two or three months she could call all the letters, and she was delighted, but their combinations and their sounds, syllables, words, &c., were mysteries too great for her to master. The patience of her excellent teacher was well nigh exhausted one evening, when she said to her:

"Aunty, I do not think you can ever learn to read."

"Mity hard, missus; my poor ole eyes dark."

"Well, aunty I reckon you had better give it up."

"'Pears like I mus', missus. O honey, I wants to read heap!"

"Well, I'm sorry, aunty, it is so; but you need not come again."

After three or four evenings, the old woman appeared again in school. When the teacher came to her, she said, "Well, aunty—here again, are you?"

"Yes, honey, please, I mus' read—mus' hear massa Jesus speak to me from his Word hisself; 'pears like I shall die. I mus' read de Word ob de Lord, I mus';" and tears ran down her cheeks like rain.

The teacher could not resist the appeal; so she opened the Testament at the fourteenth chapter of John, and read to her with great deliberation and care three verses, and then left her to attend the others.

Aunty bent over the book, and fixed her attention on the second and third verses. The letters she knew; the words were familiar to her, but to pick them out then, was to hear "Massa Jesus speak to her." After a while she got the word 'prepare' so she could put it to 'I go'; then the rest followed by inspiration; and in an hour of the most intense effort she had ever made, she again said, "Missus, 'spees can read 'em now."

She began, and with intelligent deliberation read, "I go to prepare a place for you," etc., to the end of the

third verse. The teacher, surprised and pleased, asked her to read them again. Auntie did so, with great clearness and propriety.

"Yes," said the teacher, "you have now read the words of our blessed Lord yourself.

Auntie's eyes filled with tears, and her face brimming with delight, she broke out, "Yes, bress de Lord! he speak to me—to me poor ole slave; he tell me go prepa' a place for me; he go come again take me, poor brak woman; prep'r place for me! O, bless Massa Jesus!"—*Freedman.*

"I've Got to Jesus."

During a time of religious interest in a Sunday school, where many awakened ones asking, "What must I do to be saved?" were told "to go to Jesus," a little boy nine or ten years old, put into the Superintendent's hand a slip of paper which he carefully preserved. As children were in the habit of handing him papers in this way, he did not read it till he reached home. He then found upon it, written in a very crooked manner, these words: "I've got to Jesus! I've got to Jesus?" Who the boy was, was never found out; but he had found the sum and substance of the whole gospel.

Library Reports.

During the month of February, there were shipped from the Society's rooms, (80 Wall-street,) 41 new and 18 old libraries; total 59.

During the same month, the following libraries have been returned with thanks, refitted and sent to sea again. We are assured by those having charge of the libraries that the books are received gratefully by many, and that they are exerting a good influence among officers and men.

No. 4, No. 1231, No. 1678, No. 1874,
 " 884, " 1499, " 1730, " 1971,
 " 886, " 1552, " 1767, " 2042,
 " 940, " 1553, " 1793, " 2212.

No. 783—Been three years on Pilot boat *Washington*. Books have all been read several times.

No. 1730—Has been several voyages to Europe, the books have been read by several crews with interest; the captain was anxious to have another library.

No. 1678—Been to China, books have been read several times with profit by the crew. Returned in good order. Sent on *Mary Ella*, for Manzanilla.

No. 1409 & 1535—These libraries were returned from the U. S. S. *Wyoming*. The report accompanying them says: "No. 1535 was received from Rev. S. R. Brown, and only escaped by a few days from being burnt up in the fire that destroyed his residence at Yokohama, 25th April 1867. No. 1409 has been in active duty for fifteen months of our cruise to the East Indies, China, Japan, &c.

Please apply the enclosed \$5, toward replenishing the library, and accept my best wishes for the future of the SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. H."

WELLFLEET, Feb. 14th, 1868.

No. 2009—*Dear Sir*, I have had one of your libraries on board of my vessel for the last two years. Permit me to say that it has been much read by the crews I have had during that time. I have been much profited by it myself, and as for its influence over the future lives of those who read its pages with great interest as I can testify, it will only be known on the day when the final account shall be made up by the righteous Judge of all. I expect to be in New York some time in the spring, if so, I shall get a new supply of tracts, for mine are all gone. The library is in good order, and I expect to sail from here soon with a new crew, to whom it will be as entertaining as a new one would be. Please accept the enclosed ten dollars as a slight appreciation of its value to me.

Thanking you for the privilege of having it on board of my vessel the past two years, I remain yours, truly,

J. E. KEMP,
Master Sch. Telegraph.

No. 2021—Has been to Australia; 13 have signed the Temperance Pledge, 2 have knocked off swearing, 3 have been converted, and 6 much improved. "We have had religious services every Sabbath. The system of sea libraries is of great importance."

H. H.

No. 1337—Returned from its 5th voyage and gone to New Orleans. Has done much good. See interesting letter on page 247 of the Magazine.

No. 2660—Returned; 4 signed the Pledge, 3 hopefully converted. No swearing on board. All have read the books with interest. Gone to Port-au-Prince.

No. 2007—Returned and refitted, and gone to the *Grand Banks*.

No. 2618—Returned from the *Grand Banks* and gone to West Indies. Has done much good.

No. 2058—Returned from West Indies, and gone to the *Grand Banks*.

No. 2672—All have read the books except the captain. "We have no swearing or drinking. All hands take good care of the books. I have given away some of the Tracts and Black Valley Papers. May they save some from destruction. *I would that every vessel that sails had one of your Libraries with them.*" S. L.

VESSEL WRECKED.—CAPTAIN LOST.—
LIBRARY SAVED.

No. 2143—Mrs. Squires writes us that the Brig *Ocean Wave*, (of which her husband was the captain,) was wrecked a few months since on Galveston beach. Soon after the vessel struck Capt. Squires was washed overboard and lost. Among his effects sent home was library No. 2143. Of this Mrs. S. says: "I thank your Society for placing one of your excellent libraries on the *Ocean Wave*, for I know it was appreciated by my deceased husband and crew."

The library has since been received at our rooms.

ED. MAG.

A SEA CAPTAIN AND HIS WIFE CONVERTED BY MEANS OF A LIBRARY.—
EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

"Captain B. says that his brother, a ship master from New York, and whose wife went to sea with him, became interested in the subject of

religion, from having one of our libraries on ship-board. They were both very worldly, but have now come to be Christians. The wife's mother has also become interested."

No. 2154—NEW YORK, Feb. 24, 1868.

It is with gratitude that I return to you the library (No. 2154) that was put on board of the ship *Prima Donna*, under my command last February, before my sailing to San Francisco, and I will here add that your Society has kindly furnished me a library each voyage for the last seven years. The books I have distributed among my crew, (together with Bibles and tracts), and I can testify that the effect has been good. They are generally received with thanks, and read with pleasure and profit. Your Society is engaged in a noble work, and in a field of vast extent, and I truly hope that ship-owners and masters will give you their cordial aid. Wishing you every success and the blessing of God, I have the honor to be yours, &c.

H. HERRIMAN.

No. 1715—GROTON, Feb. 10th, 1868.

This library was loaned to me by the Rev. Samuel Brown, Pastor of the Congregational church in Groton. The most of the books were read, and are all in good condition. I cannot give as favorable report of the amount of good done as I could wish. I would like to keep the library for another voyage as I shall sail in the spring, and shall have a new crew entirely. Yours, with respect.

JOHN O. SPICER,
Master Brig Georgiana.

Feb. 11th, 1868. Permission given to Captain Spicer to keep the library for another voyage.

H.

No. 1971—NEW YORK, Feb. 10, 1868.
TO THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

Gentlemen, I have had your library No. 1971 two voyages to Buenos Ayres, and I can say that the books have been read with marked attention by myself, officers and crew. Since I have been master of a vessel, I have had quite a number of libraries from the "SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY," and I can say that I never had one that the crew were more interested in than the present library.

They are just the kind of books to interest seamen. The library takes the place of low, light, novel reading. There are a great many spare hours in a voyage, when the sailor's mind will be occupied either with good or bad thoughts. If he has good books at hand, he is apt to get interested in them; if none, then he is in danger from the lowest kind of books, which if not on his vessel, he will get at the first port the ship comes to, or from men on board other vessels. My way is, on Sunday to have the library brought up on deck and put in a good place where all can come to it; and then to invite the men to come to pick out a book to suit themselves, requesting them to take good care of the books, and come and change them through the week if they like. With all the libraries I have ever had, it is a rare thing that I have known a book soiled or torn. I think your books just the things needed on shipboard, and I believe the amount of good will never be known on earth. *We can see a good deal done by them here.* It is my prayer that the good Lord will bless the SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, give you the strength to go on with this great and good work. You have my thanks for your kindness in providing me and my crew with valuable reading, and especially the donors of No. 1971.

Respectfully, yours,

CHAS. HUXFORD.

Master of Bark Honduras.

Three Bad Things.

By three bad things I mean *bad thoughts, bad words, and bad deeds.*

We know that an ear of corn grows from a grain, a flower from a seed, and an oak from an acorn. Well, just in the same way, bad words and bad deeds spring up from bad thoughts.

If we leave the door of our mind open, and are not watchful; if we let bad thoughts come in and stay there, bad words and bad deeds will follow them.

When proud wicked Haman fell into a rage with Mordecai the Jew, he let bad thoughts into his heart, and then he began to consider how

he could punish Mordecai. The more he thought of the matter, the more his bad thoughts pushed him on to evil; till, at last, he made up his mind to bring about the death of Mordecai, and all his people, the Jews.

But did the matter end there? Oh no! bad thoughts will go on from bad to worse: so Haman's bad thoughts made him use bad words. He went to the king and spoke against the Jews, and persuaded him to give a command that they might all be destroyed. Thus, you see, bad words followed bad thoughts.

Haman was not yet satisfied; for, as I said, bad thoughts and bad words are sure, unless it please God to order otherwise, to be followed by bad deeds. Haman took care that the king's command should be sent through the country; and, after that, he caused a gallows to be made, that Mordecai might be hanged thereon.

But mark what bad thoughts, bad words, and bad deeds did for Haman. The king found out that he was a wicked and deceitful man, and so he had him hanged on the very gallows he had set up for Mordecai! Again, I say, beware of bad thoughts, bad words, and bad deeds.

Pray against these three bad things; say, "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." Psa. cxxxix. 23, 24. "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord my strength and my Redeemer." Psa. xix. 14. And let my thoughts, my words, and my deeds be all under thy guidance, for Jesus Christ's sake.

American Seamen's Friend Society.

REV. HARMON LOOMIS, D.D., } *Cor Sec's.*
 REV. S. H. HALL, D.D., }
 MR. L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*
 OFFICES } 80 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.
 AND } S. Home, Phil'a. Rev. E. N. SAWTELL, D.D.
 ADDRESS } 13 Cornhill, Boston, Rev. S. W. HANES.

Terms of the Life Boat.

THE LIFE-BOAT is published for the purpose of diffusing information and awakening an interest more especially among the young, in the moral and religious improvement of seamen, and also to aid in the collection of funds for the general objects of the Society. Any Sabbath School, or individual who will send us \$15 for a Loan Library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with postage prepaid.